

The Burlington Free Press.

NOT THE GLORY OF CÆSAR BUT THE WELFARE OF ROME.

BY H. B. STACY.

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ATTACK OF THE BOA CONSTRUCTOR.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

A cloud of gorgeous light flashed over the sky, spread upward and abroad, and, for a moment, the rich colors of an Eastern sunrise pictured themselves upon the horizon like an arch of fretted gold and powdered gems, broken and irregular—now standing out in abutments of fiery light or sinking back to the depth of the sky in caves of crimson, purple and pale violet, then flinging up turrets of amber and soft rose color to the zenith and at last melting away in a sea of sheet gold as the sun rose from behind the green trees of Hindostan. It was the hour of worship; the dawn had scarcely broken over the Ganges when the snowy temples and picturesque mosques which stood bedded in the foliage, and crowded the rocks which shot over the stream with their drapery of creeping vines, were flung open. From every casement and fairy lattice were lavished forth showers of lotus blossoms, with glossy green leaves and buds full of odor, the Brahmins' tribute to the holy waters, till the river, from shore to shore, seemed bursting into bloom beneath the warm sunshine. While the created waves were trooping forward like crowds of bright winged spirits sporting and rejoicing together among the blossoms thus lavished upon them, a budger or state barge, followed by a train of baggage boats, shot out from the shadow of a grove of banian trees, and with its silken pennants streaming to the morning air made its way up the stream. It was a princely sight—that long, slender boat—as it flashed out into the broad sunshine—its gilded prow curving gracefully up from the water in form of a peacock with burnished wings, jewelled crest and neck of scaly gold—the sides swelling gently out at the bows and sloping away to the stern, till they met in two gilded horns of exquisite workmanship, the smaller ends twisted together and forming the extreme point of the boat. The rose colored mouth curved gently outward from which a hoard of fruit, colored and carved to a perfect semblance of nature, seemed bursting away over the foaming waters as she cut her path gracefully through them, leaving a long wreath of foam, curling and flashing in her track. In the broadest part of the deck stood a small pavilion, its dome paved with mother of pearl and studded with precious stones; its pillars of fluted ivory half hidden by a rich drapery of orange and azure silk, fringed and festooned to the framework of the dome, with ropes of heavy silk, twisted and tasselled with silver.

Within the pavilion, on a carpet glowing with rich dyes of Persia, half reclined, an elderly native, robed in all the splendor of an oriental prince, with his eyes half closed and apparently dropping into a quiet slumber. The mouth piece of his hook lay idly between his thin lips, its jewelled length glittered against his silken vest and burst away coil after coil, like a serpent writhing in a bed of flowers, till it ended in a bowl of burning opal stone, from which a wreath of perfumed smoke stole languidly upward and floated among the azure drapery like clouds moving in the depths of a summer sky. Directly opposite, on a pile of orange colored cushions, lay a female, young and beautiful as a houri. Her robe of India muslin, starred and spotted with gold, was open in front, betraying a neck of perfect beauty and but half concealing the graceful outline of her person; her bright hair was banded back from her forehead, with a string of orient pearls and fell over the silken cushions in a multitude of long black braids, so long as almost to reach her feet while she retained her reclining position. She had the full large eye of her fiery clime, long cut and full of brightness, but shaded with heavy, silken lashes, which lent them a languishing and almost sleepy softness. A smile was continually melting over her full, red lips, and the whole expression of her face was one of mingled softness and energy. Behind her cushion stood a youth of slender, active form with a high, finely moulded forehead, and eyes kindling with the fire of a proud but restrained spirit. Yet, though his port was almost regal, and his bearing princely, he was in the humble costume of a Hindoo slave. The hand which should have been familiar with the sabre hilt, was occupied in waving a fan of gorgeous feathers above the reclining princess.

Occasionally, when the fair girl would close her eyes as if lulled to sleep by the musical dipping of the oars, he would fix those expressive eyes upon her as the devotee dwells upon the form of his idol. The bold mental had dared to look upon the loveliest maiden and the loftiest princess in all Hindostan, with eyes of love. And she, the brightest star of her father's court, the affianced bride of a prince, as proud and as wealthy as her own haughty sire, had she forgotten her lofty caste to lavish her regard on the person of a slave? Those who had looked upon the expression of those soft eyes, unclosing beneath his passionate gaze, as the starry blossoms open to the sunbeams, might have read an answer which spoke much for the warm-hearted woman, but little for the dignity of regal birth.

The old Rajah, as he reclined, apparently half asleep, marked the mingled glances of the youthful pair, and a wicked, crafty expression stole over his face; a light gleamed out from his half open eyes, which told how dark and subtle were his secret thoughts—he lay like a serpent nursing its venom for a sudden spring.

The day was becoming sultry, and the train of boats made its way slowly up the

their garlands over the water, and chained the tree top into one sea of blossoming vegetation. A short distance up, the high bank curved inward, and a little cove lay glittering in the sunlight, hedged in by a sloping hill which was covered with rich herbage and crowned by a thick grove, heavy with ripe bananas and other Eastern fruits. On the lower swell of the bank, two lofty palm trees shot up into the air, branching out at the top, in a cloud of thick green foliage, impervious almost, to the hot sunshine, which fell broadly on that side of the river.

The old Rajah fixed his eyes on the state's palm, as the boat gradually neared them; while he gazed, the glittering branches which had hitherto remained motionless began to tremble and wave to and fro. The leaves shivered; a low rustling sound was heard, as if a current of wind had suddenly burst over them and then the head and half the body of a huge serpent shot up from the mass of leaves, swayed itself back and forth in the sunshine for a moment, and then darted back with the same rustling sound into his huge nest of leaves. The old Rajah's eyes kindled with a subtle fire; and he commanded his attendants to enter a baggage boat and proceed to the banana grove for a supply of fresh fruit. "Moar the boat in the inlet beneath the two palms, and let Jaja remain with her," he commanded pointing to the handsome slave, who stood behind his daughter. The slave made his salam, and was about to step into the boat, when the princess called to him: "Thou shalt not remain idle," she said with a smile "let thy task be to gather some of those lilies which spring up from the bed of white sand, just within the cove, and scatter them over my cushions should I be asleep when the boat returns, their perfume will bring me pleasant dreams."

The slave bent his turbaned head and sprang into the boat. The princess half rose from her cushion and watched the party as they drew towards the shore. The slave, Jaja, moored the boat and brought an armful of the beautiful white lilies she had desired, and laid them carefully in the prow, where he seated himself to wait for his companions. Her eyes were fixed with a kind of dreamy abstractness on the cove, when she saw the tops of the palm trees in commotion; the heavy leaves began to shiver again, and the slender branches crashed as with the force of a hurricane. As she looked, that huge serpent began to coil itself like the stem of a great vine, downward, around the palm; his neck glowering, his head thrust out a little from the trunk and his hungry eyes fixed on the slave who had dropped asleep in the boat. The princess sprang to her feet with a cry of horror, then stood motionless, and white as death; her fingers locked and her pale lips moving, but speechless. She was striving to cry out, but her voice was choked in her throat. She saw the monster thrust his head far out from the trunk of the palm, and then the horrid glitter of his back as he unfolded coil after coil, and flung half his length into the boat, gleamed before her distended eyes. With a cry that rung over the water like the shriek of a maniac, she fell upon the deck and with her face buried in her hand lay quivering in every limb like a dying creature.

"Peace!" thundered the old Rajah, lifting her from the deck and flinging it on the cushions, "Peace, ingrate! What is the dog of a slave to thee? Look up and witness his just punishment!" As if nothing could appease his thirst for vengeance, he tore the hands from the shuddering creature's face, and again half lifting her from the pile of cushions forced her to look upon the appalling scene.

The serpent had coiled itself around its victim, while yet one part of its huge length was twisted about the palm. She gazed with a dizzy brain on the mottled folds as they writhed gliding and swelling eagerly around their struggling victim. She saw the glossy neck flung upward with a curve that brought the head with its fierce glowing eyes, and its forked tongue quivering like a fiery arrow from the open jaws, over the crouching slave. A low moan of agony arose from the boat, then a shout and a rush of men from the grove. She saw the gleam of their hatchets and pikes as they fell upon the monster. She saw the horrid fold that begirt her lover relax, and then with a faint gasp fell back in her father's arms, sick and entirely senseless. "Dog!" cried the fierce old man, seizing the rescued slave as he ascended the side of the barge pale and haggard as a corpse, yet bearing the lilies which his mistress had ordered in his arms—"Dog! crocodile! Thou hast escaped the serpent, but who shall save thee from the vengeance of a disgraced father?" The old man's cimeter flashed upward as he spoke. The slave drew his fine form proudly to its height and fixed his stern, calm eyes full on the old Rajah's. "Rash old man," he said, "what would you of me? true I have won the love of your daughter, but if you seek vengeance for the wrong, claim it not of Jaja, the slave, but of the prince Arungzebe, her affianced husband, for by the holy stream which hears us, I am that man!"

The Rajah's eye quailed beneath that stern glance and the cimeter fell to the deck with a ringing sound. The youth calmly put away the hand which the fierce old man had fixed on his arm, and taking a sealed parchment from the folds of his turban gave it to him. The Rajah took it with a shaking hand—glanced at the signature and then opened his arms to receive his son-in-law. The youth leaned for a moment on his bosom and then they went into the pavilion together. When the princess awoke from her swoon, her father was sitting on his carpet smoking his hook as quietly as if nothing had happened. The scent of freshly gathered lilies hung about her cushions, and her rescued lover was bending over her, "Oh I have had a ter-

rible dream" she said, passing her slender hand over her eyes, "a—but you are very pale, was it real?" She started up and looked toward the cove. The two palm trees stood towering in the sunshine, the bark here and there torn from their trunks, and the thick branches broken and dangling in the air, like rent banners streaming over a battle field, the heavy grass was trampled and soiled with blood, and a huge boa-constructor lay stretched upon the white sand mutilated and dead.

THE NEW HUSBANDRY.

IV. ALTERNATION OF CROPS.

Alteration of crops is an essential requisite in good farming, and forms a part of it wherever it is considered to have arrived at any degree of perfection. It is this which gave to Flemish husbandry a pre-eminence over that of every other country, long before the new system had obtained a footing in Great Britain. It is this which has principally converted the county of Norfolk, and other districts in England, from the poorest and least productive, into the most wealthy and populous portions of that country. It is this alternating system which has contributed, in a great measure, to the astonishing recent improvements in the agriculture of Scotland; and it is this which constitutes the pioneer marks of improved husbandry in our own land.

In the preceding sections, we have suggested the importance and the modes of making our lands rich, and dry, and of subjecting them to good tillage. Let us now inquire under what method of management they are likely to make us the largest returns, without diminishing their intrinsic value.

It is palpable to every observing farmer, that the old mode of permanently dividing our grounds into meadow, plough and pasture lands—is a most wretched system of exhaustion, both to the land and its occupant. The tillage ground deteriorates, with the scanty manuring it gets, till it ceases to make a return for the expense of culture, or till it is thrown into old fields or commons. The meadow grasses, run out, mosses and weeds come in, the soil becomes too compact and impervious for the ready admission of the great agents of vegetable decomposition and nutrition, and the free extension of the roots of the finer grasses;—and, as all is carried off, and little or nothing brought back, the soil is annually becoming poorer and less profitable. The pasture is the only portion of such a farm that is improving; and even in this bushes, brambles and noxious weeds are too often permitted to choke and destroy the better herbage.

It is equally apparent, that we cannot take two or more arable crops, of the same kind, from a field, in successive seasons, without a manifest falling off in the product. The reason for this may be found in an immutable law of nature, which has provided for each species of plants a specific food, suited to its organization and its wants. Thus some soils will not grow wheat, or other farm crops, although abounding in the common elements of fertility, and although they will make a profitable return in other farm crops.—in consequence of their being deficient in the specific food required for the perfection of the wheat, or other particular species of crop. One family, or species of plants, requires a different food from that which another family, or species, requires; and it seems to be another law of nature, that what is not essential to one family, or species, shall be left in the soil, or returned to it through the excretory organs of the growing crop. Of course, the specific food for any class, or species, continues to accumulate in the soil, the general fertility being kept up, till the return again to this field of this particular crop. Thus it is supposed to require ten or a dozen years for the specific food of flax, to accumulate sufficiently for a second crop, after one has been taken from a field. Even the specific food of clover becomes exhausted by a too frequent repetition of it in the same field; it being found necessary, in Norfolk husbandry, to substitute for it in every other course of crops, other grass seeds, so that this may not be repeated oftener than once in eight years. There are exceptions to the rules of practice which these laws inculcate. Some soils seem natural to wheat, others to oats, or grass; and successive crops of these are taken without apparent diminution of product. Yet it is better to regulate our practice by general laws, than by casual exceptions. In the cases noted as exceptions, there is probably so great an accumulation of the specific food of the particular crop, that it has not been exhausted, though it evidently must have been diminished. It is in accordance with the natural laws we have noticed, that the grasses in our meadows change; that the timber trees of the forest alternate—new species springing up as the old ones decay, or are cut down; and it is in accordance with these laws that the alternation of crops has been adopted in all good farming.

To simplify and render the subject more plain, the generality of tillage crops have been grouped into two classes, differing essentially in their character, culture, and exhausting influence upon the soil. These two classes are denominated *culmiferous* crops, and *leguminous* crops. The first is so named from *culm*, the stalk or stem of grasses or grasses, usually jointed and hollow, and supporting the leaves and fruitification. Our intention here is not to embrace the grasses. *Culmiferous* crops are termed *robbers*, or *exhausters* of the soil. This class includes wheat, barley, oats, rye, Indian corn, tobacco, cotton, &c. These are particularly exhausting during the process of maturing their seeds. If cut green, or when in blossom, they are far

less so. *Leguminous* crops, literally, are peas, beans, and other pulses; but here the class is intended to embrace all which are considered as ameliorating or enriching crops, as potatoes, turnips, carrots, beets, cabbages—and clover. These latter are not only less exhausting than the culmiferous class, as most of them do not mature their seeds, and all, on account of their broad system of leaves, draw more or less nourishment from the atmosphere, but they improve the condition of the soil, by dividing and loosening it, with their tap and bulbous roots. For these reasons they are called *ameliorating* or *enriching* crops; and as they generally receive manure, and drill culture, they are peculiarly adapted to enrich and fit the soil for the culmiferous class.

Good husbandry enjoins, that culmiferous and leguminous crops should alternate, or follow each other in succession, except when grass is made to intervene; and it matters little which crops are selected from the two classes. The good judgment of the farmer may here be exercised to determine which are likely to be to him the most advantageous. It may be proper to note two exceptions to this rule: Indian corn may, under certain contingencies, be made to precede or follow another grain crop to advantage, and oats may sometimes be profitably sown, as a fallow crop, to supersede a naked fallow, preparatory to a crop of wheat or rye. Some soils, it is true, are more favorable to one kind of crop than another; as for instance, calcareous clays and strong loams are better adapted to wheat, than silicious gravels and sands; while the latter are better fitted to carry Indian corn, turnips and clover, than clays. In other respects, such as the exhaustion of the ground, it is a matter of little interest with the farmer, what crops of each class are chosen to alternate with each other.

Farm stock seems necessarily to be embraced in the system of alternate husbandry. Cattle convert the bulky products of the farm, into meat, butter, cheese, &c. These concentrated products are carried to market at comparatively trifling expense. Cattle also furnish labor, and manufacture into manure the straw, stalks, and other offal and litter of the farm, necessary to keep up its fertility; for without manure, the soil will grow poor, and its products annually diminish. Manures, we repeat, are the main source of fertility to our soils, and the substantial food of our crops. Our supply of these will depend on the amount of stock we feed upon the farm; and the amount of stock we can keep profitably, will again depend upon the fertility of the soil, and the consequent abundance of its products. So that grain and grass husbandry, and cattle husbandry, are reciprocally and highly beneficial to each other. It is maintained, by practical men, that grounds under good tillage, will yield as much cattle food, in roots, straw, &c. as the same grounds would yield in grass, thus leaving the grain as extra profit.

The subject of clover, which we have classed with ameliorating crops, merits a further and distinct notice. We find that clover was cultivated at an early period by the Flemings, and constituted an important item in their excellent system of husbandry. Its introduction into Britain is of comparatively modern date. Forty years ago its culture may be said to have commenced in the United States; but its progress was slow till within the last few years; and even now, large portions of our country are practically ignorant of its improving and enriching qualities. Its benefits have been great wherever it has been introduced, accompanied with the use of gypsum; and the two combined have hitherto been the principal basis of good husbandry. But their benefits are capable of being far more widely extended. We consider the use of clover for cattle food, great as it is, but of secondary importance to the farmer—its most profitable use being to feed crops and ameliorate the soil. No green crop is so serviceable for the latter purpose; and we are satisfied from experience, that the practice of habitually sowing it with small grains, for these purposes, where it is not intended to stock with grass seeds, is an excellent one, on all grounds adapted to its growth. Upon this subject we quote as follows from Chaptal:

"Artificial grass lands [constituting a part of the alternating system, and in contradistinction to natural and permanent grass lands] ought now to be considered as forming the basis of agriculture. These furnish fodder, the fodder supports cattle, and the cattle furnish manure, labor, and all the means necessary to a thorough system of cultivation."

From the Burlington Sentinel, of Monday.

DESTRUCTION OF THE BRITISH STEAMER "SIR ROBERT PEEL," IN AMERICAN WATERS, NEAR FRENCH CREEK.

The Montreal papers of Friday bring the startling and unexpected intelligence of the destruction of a British Steamboat near French Creek, in the State of New York. We give the account as contained in a letter to the Montreal Courier, premising that it gives only the British account of the outrage, and that possibly when the full particulars are known, some extenuating circumstances may set it in a less odious light than it now bears. It is one of the most shameful transactions that it has ever fallen to our lot to record; and we doubt not the perpetrators of it will be brought to condign punishment. Granting all to be true as stated in the letter, the conduct of the depredators in permitting all on board to go on shore with their effects, contrasts favorably with that of McNab's ruffians at Scholaser. If their example had been imitated, not one would have escaped shooting, much less

any of them allowed to take their effects off the boat with them. We shall wait with anxiety for further information.

On board the Steamboat *Oncida*, Wednesday, 30th May, 1838.

To the editor of the Morning Courier. Sir,—Expecting to be in Montreal as soon as any other who has heard of the burning of the steamboat *Sir Robert Peel*, I shall give you a few of the particulars, which may be relied on as facts & not rumors, as I have my information from several eye witnesses.

About 2 o'clock this morning the steamboat *Sir Robert Peel* stopped at a landing on Walls' Island, about seven miles below French Creek, belonging to, and separated from the main land of the U. States, by a channel not more than twenty rods wide; immediately on her stopping, a man who had charge of the wood on the wharf, stepped on board, and stated that a number of very suspicious looking characters were near, and he thought they had mischief in view, and would therefore advise the Captain to start immediately.

The Captain paid no attention to this report, and proceeded with his business; in about ten minutes afterwards, between 30 and 40 men came out of the bush, at a time when most of the hands were on shore getting wood. The gang all dressed and painted, either as Indians or Negroes, rushed on board, some armed with guns and fixed bayonets, some with pistols and swords, and others with an implement resembling a lance or spear on a red painted pole about 8 feet long; they immediately ordered the Captain on shore, placed a guard on the gangway to prevent the men on shore from returning; and six of them took possession of the Engine Room. At this time great alarm was created among the ladies, in consequence of the ruffians dashing their bayonets and lances through the cabin windows, and breaking open the various doors. At first, those gentlemen who attempted to get out of the cabin on deck, were pushed back, either by a slight push of the bayonet, or by a strong one with the butt of the guns. The next order was for all the passengers and hands to be put on shore, they at the same time shouted if they would go on shore quietly no one would be hurt. As all the passengers were in bed at the time, many of them rushed to the deck nearly naked, and were not allowed to return for either their clothes or trunks, but rudely pushed on shore if they did not walk off at once.—They were only three cases in which they allowed those who came on the deck to return for their clothes, but those who brought their clothes or trunks on deck were allowed to take them away. Several of the ladies were driven on shore in their night dresses, and the Ladies' Maid told me they were not even allowed to take their jewellery. One man who refused to leave the boat, was wounded in the arm by a bayonet.

When all who could be found were driven on shore, the pirates cut the boat out, and let her float down about fifty rods, where they let go the anchor, and after remaining on board about half an hour, probably pillaging all that was valuable and portable, they set her on fire in several places and abandoned her. Unfortunately the mate and pilot, Roderick M'Swain, had gone to sleep just as the boat made the wharf, and did not awake till the flames burst into his room; he rushed across the deck through the blaze, leaped into the water and swam ashore. Poor fellow, he is now lying in one of the berths of this cabin, on his way to his home in Prescott, with his face, hands and feet very badly burned. It is exciting to look on this victim of these lawless brigands.

The purser got across by some means to Gananoque, and travelled by land express to Kingston, with the news of her capture, which created a great sensation, and an order was immediately issued to the several steamboats in the port not to leave till further orders. The *Oncida* shortly after came up, with the passengers of the *Sir Robert Peel*, and brought the farther news of the boat being burned. On hearing this news, many along the wharves became highly excited, and were much inclined not to wait for the action of the Government in the matter. As the *Kingston* had orders not to move, I left her and proceeded downward on the *Oncida*, and on arriving at French Creek, learned the pleasing intelligence that the authorities were making every exertion to arrest the perpetrators of this unprovoked outrage—they had already taken three, and were in pursuit after the rest. The name of one of the prisoners is Lee, a stonemason, and when arrested he had with him a lady's silk cape, a book of gold leaf, a considerable quantity of copper, some silver spoons, and a cap, which a gentleman in French Creek said he would swear belonged to one of the hands of the *Sir Robert*; the other two are brothers named Warner.

An express had been sent off for the United States Attorney at Watertown, New York. I had full view of the remains of the *Sir Robert* as we passed down; she must have upset when the fire reached near the water, as the engine had fallen outward, partly into the water, and partly on one side of the hull, the other side and keel raised out of the water, the shaft almost perpendicular, and the skeleton of one wheel out of the water, nearly in a horizontal position.—The fire was then smouldering near the keel. I would here remark that there were several very respectable Americans in the *Oncida* as fellow-passengers, and they all without exception expressed their abhorrence of the outrage, and expressed their opinion that the Government under the circumstances was bound first to indemnify the sufferers by the destruction of the boat, and afterwards to bring the perpetrators to justice itself, or deliver them over to be tried by the British Laws.—At French Creek a large number assembled round us, and many of the most respectable expressed their determination to use every exertion possible, to get the whole gang arrested. I believe between the passengers and the crew of the *Sir Robert* many of the villains, although disguised, can be identified; among them, Bill Johnson, Frey, Phillips, and Wells, the latter three Upper Canada refugees, the former a notoriously bad character and chief of the gang from French Creek. Mrs. Dr. Sampson, I understand, has sworn positively to one of the gang and one of the hands who came down with us will swear that Bill Johnson put a bayonet to his breast. The boat was built in Brockville, Upper Canada, in 1837, and at the time of the fire was valued at £11,000, owned 1-4 by William Bacon, Esquire, of Ogdensburgh, State of New York, the remainder by James Jones, D. B. Ford, and Hurvey, Esquires, of Upper Canada. The *Courier*, usually so tame and insipid, waxes very warlike on this affair.—This unauthorised act of a mob is considered a much more heinous act than the destruction of the *Caroline*, and the murder of all on board, by the express orders of the Governor of Upper Canada. In commenting on the outrage, that paper says:— "It is not our wish to minister to popular excitement. We have given every proof of the opposite disposition. We indulge in no exaggeration. We would give the American authorities and people the benefit of every doubt and excuse that can be suggested in their behalf. The reported loss of lives, firing of salutes, &c. we do not repeat or credit. We admit that possibly the gang, in this one instance, may have been Canadian refugees, and not Americans; that from the time & place chosen for the piracy, it is no wonder the authorities were not at hand to prevent it. We will even allow them the merit of having since done their best to arrest the pirates. Still there is more that must be done by them; or the prospect of peace between the two countries is not worth a month's purchase. There must be this proof, given, of the sincerity of their official declarations, which we hear in such abundance,—the punishment of the offenders. It will not do, to play off a second act of the *Corz* and *Nelson* humbug. Juries, both Grand and Petty, must be honest. VAN RENSSALAER and MACKENZIE must be dealt with according to justice, and not according to such law as the *Vermont Grand Jury* were allowed to deal forth to their fellow-knaves. The pirates who have destroyed the *Sir Robert Peel*, must meet their deserts, as a warning to their fellows that there is a government in the States, and that that government knows the meaning of the word honesty. And last and least, the full value of the vessel destroyed must be made good by the country in whose waters, and by the aid of whose citizens, directly or indirectly given, the piracy was committed."

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"It is not our wish to minister to popular excitement. We have given every proof of the opposite disposition. We indulge in no exaggeration. We would give the American authorities and people the benefit of every doubt and excuse that can be suggested in their behalf. The reported loss of lives, firing of salutes, &c. we do not repeat or credit. We admit that possibly the gang, in this one instance, may have been Canadian refugees, and not Americans; that from the time & place chosen for the piracy, it is no wonder the authorities were not at hand to prevent it. We will even allow them the merit of having since done their best to arrest the pirates. Still there is more that must be done by them; or the prospect of peace between the two countries is not worth a month's purchase. There must be this proof, given, of the sincerity of their official declarations, which we hear in such abundance,—the punishment of the offenders. It will not do, to play off a second act of the *Corz* and *Nelson* humbug. Juries, both Grand and Petty, must be honest. VAN RENSSALAER and MACKENZIE must be dealt with according to justice, and not according to such law as the *Vermont Grand Jury* were allowed to deal forth to their fellow-knaves. The pirates who have destroyed the *Sir Robert Peel*, must meet their deserts, as a warning to their fellows that there is a government in the States, and that that government knows the meaning of the word honesty. And last and least, the full value of the vessel destroyed must be made good by the country in whose waters, and by the aid of whose citizens, directly or indirectly given, the piracy was committed."

An express reached Albany on Thursday afternoon, bringing despatches for Governor Marcy from the District Attorney at Watertown. Governor M. left Albany immediately after the arrival of the express in the evening cars for Utica, and thence, by relays of horses, to Watertown.

The *Argus* mentions that the despatches to Gov. M. contain some further particulars. We add a few extracts:— "I have this moment learned that capt. Armstrong had command of the *Robert Peel*, against whom, it is said, the refugees had an old grudge. He resided in this village during the last winter, and was charged with being a spy upon their operations. I mention this circumstance as authorizing the belief that this act has proceeded from the Patriots, or Refugees, on this side."

"The present impression is, that we shall be unsafe on the frontier without an